



Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA-BURMA-INDIA—

MARCH
1962





ENTRANCE to an ancient Chinese temple near Kunming. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

• Now that the world is growing smaller, more and more persons are visiting parts of the area we knew as CBI a couple decades ago. It is reported, for instance, that more tourists visited Calcutta in 1960 than in the previous year, and most of them came by air. According to figures officially available in Calcutta, 11,343 foreigners, described as "pleasure tourists mainly holidaying, sight-seeing and on cultural pursuits," visited the city during 1960. Of them, 11,098 persons came by air and the rest by sea. In 1959 the total number of such tourists to the city was 10,084, of which 9,637 came by air.

• To boost foreign tourist traffic and to make the people in the country "tourist minded," the Union Government's Tourist Office in Calcutta has decided to observe a "Tourist Festival Week." Flights over Calcutta, special flights over the Himalayas going as near as possible to Kanchenjunga, an international poster competition, dances, a sari and costume parade, and a festival ball will be some of the highlights. Sounds like "old home week" for CBIers!

• This month's cover shows an American GI in the CBI theater receiving help with his transportation problem from an experienced young native. U. S. Army photo.

• We were disappointed at the response to our announcement last month about Roundup binders. We are repeating the announcement, therefore . . . unless we receive more orders in the near future, this item will be discontinued. Let us hear from you NOW if you are going to need binders in the months ahead!



30th Station Hospital

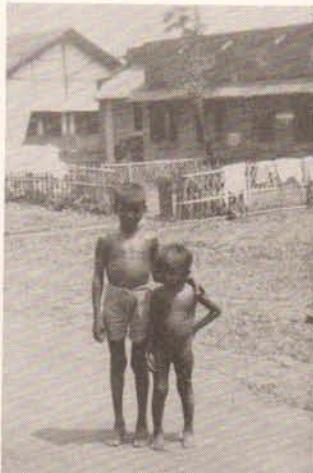
• Doesn't anyone ever write about the 30th Station Hospital, which was at Panagra, India? I've been receiving the Roundup for the past number of years and have yet to read about any of the patients or staff.

ANNE DEVEREAUX,
Miami Beach, Fla.

Theodore A. Peterson

• Another recent CBI death was that of Theodore A. Peterson of Oakland, Calif., manager of operations for the John Breuner Co. A native of Chicago, Ill., he grew up in Great Falls, Ont. He was a graduate of Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa. Mr. Peterson served in the China-Burma-India theater of operations as a lieutenant colonel in the Army Quartermaster Corps during World War II. He was a graduate of the Army's Command and General Staff School. His wife and three brothers survive.

ERNEST E. BOREL,
Oakland, Calif.



CHILDREN pose for a snapshot at Tinsukia, India, in 1945. Photo by Raymond J. O'Brien.

To The Editors

Henry A. Robert

• Henry A. Robert, 45, a native and lifelong resident of New Bedford who served in CBI, died recently after a long illness. Before entering the Army in 1942, he helped build Fort George G. Meade, Md., and Camp Edwards. Survivors include three brothers.

RAUL M. PEREIRA,
New Bedford, Mass.

Bhamo and Chabua

• Having subscribed from the very beginning, I don't want to miss a single copy. Always look for news of Red Cross girls in Bhamo and Chabua. Christmas always brings notes from several and a greeting from Father Foley at the Catholic Mission in Bhamo.

RUTH M. GILLETTE,
(Ruth Meighan),
Denver, Colo.

Governor Nutter

• Donald G. Nutter, governor of Montana, was one of six men killed recently in a C-47 crash about 35 miles north of Helena. The 45-year-old Nutter, a Republican, took office in January, 1960, after being elected by one of the largest margins in Montana's history. Previously, he served two terms in the state senate and was state Republican chairman. He practiced law in Sidney before his election as the state's chief executive. Since taking office, he has been one of the most controversial figures in recent Montana history. A conservative Republican, he ordered a fiscal retrenchment program to pull the state out of debt. He also achieved national headlines last October when he was the nation's only governor not to proclaim United Nations Day. Nutter, a combat pilot with 62 missions in the China-Burma-India theater in World War II, is survived by his wife, Maxine, and a son, John, 18.

CHARLES EDWARDS,
Helena, Mont.



KITCHEN PERSONNEL at work in mess hall at Hastings Air Base, near Calcutta, India, in 1944. Photo by Julius Greenberg.

Remember the Cecil?

• Many CBI veterans will remember the Cecil Hotel in Old Delhi. With its swimming pool and attractive gardens, it was a refreshing place to visit. A lot of GI's, including the writer, got to know Maurice Karliner, who was the hotel's manager during World War II. He was a friendly and courteous host. Not long ago, I visited another hotel, The Grossinger, a popular New York State resort in the Catskill Mountains. The first evening I was there I saw a familiar face in the hotel lobby. It was Karliner, who was easily identifiable although 16 years had passed and he was 8,000 miles from his former location. He is now the manager of The Grossinger, where he has been employed since coming from India to the United States 10 years ago. He enjoys reminiscing about his India days. I'm sure that all CBI veterans who visit The Grossinger will get a warm welcome from him. He gave me a recent photograph, which I am enclosing. Incidentally, he told me that The Cecil Hotel has been acquired by the Jesuit Fathers and is now being used as a school. I've been a subscriber to EX-CBI Roundup for about seven years and recommend it to every CBI vet I meet. Keep up the good work.

JACK SHANLEY,
Queens Village, N. Y.



FORMER manager of the Cecil Hotel in New Delhi, Maurice Karliner is now manager of a resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Book Reviews

● Sorry to hear about the loss of our book reviewer. It had been on my mind to write a few words of appreciation concerning this department. Please do not cancel it. Mr. Sinclair has done a fine job.

WM. S. JOHNSON,
Indianapolis, Ind.

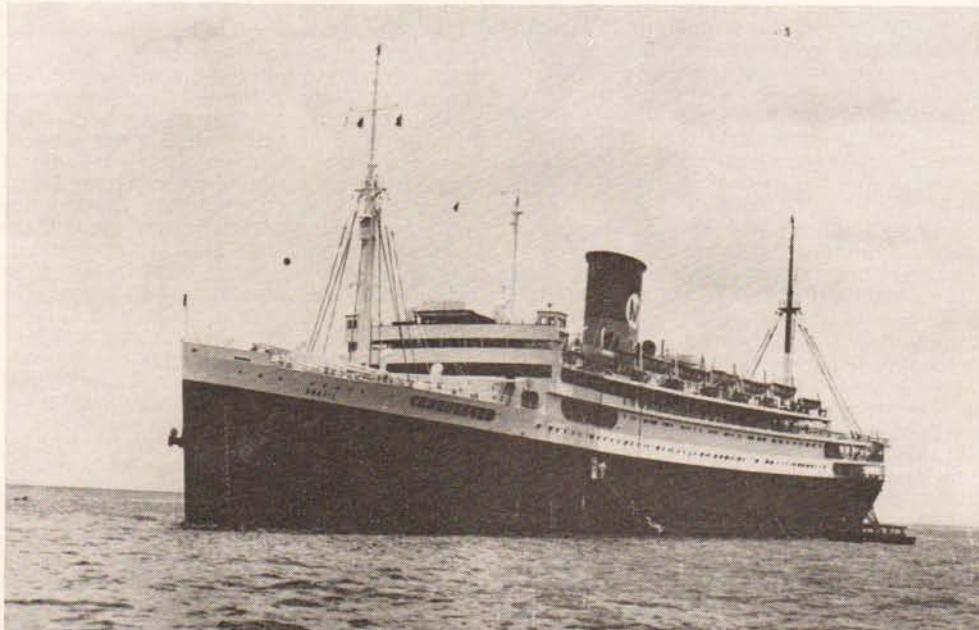
On Brazil in 1962

● This is my third letter to Ex-CBI Roundup in the past three years and I would like to say again that your little magazine is the one that we read completely the minute it arrives. I was with the original 835th Signal Bn. when it was formed at Fort Dupont, Delaware, in 1942 and was shipped, with the rest of the group, to India on the S.S. Brazil. Readers who were on the trip will certainly remember the refrigerators breaking down and most of the personnel

being very sick for many days on semi-spoiled food! Also how we were supposed to get them repaired at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, along with a leak in the hull but the repairs were unsuccessful on the refrigerators and we continued eating "C" rations. I can also remember when we were issued Eddystone rifles on board ship to learn how to field strip them (they wanted to keep us busy, I think!) and how the Lieutenant in charge of the detail got disgusted with the whole thing and threw his overboard—many of us, of course, followed suit. We were quartered in the library on the Brazil and one day they decided to fire a large gun for target practice at a target which was being towed by another ship—they shot the gun off and every mirror in the library shattered (the walls were completely cover-

ed with built-in mirrors) along with other fragile items and we spent three days cleaning up, and the discouraging part was they never did hit the target. I ramble on here reviewing delightful (?) memories and this letter will get too long—I would like to hear from any of the radio operators involved with the "JGT" net in China and India—I was an "OP" at JGTF in Chabua for three years and my radio call sign was "XO." It was strictly high speed code operation until ZXK (radio teletype) came along and we then started the dull routine of typing messages on perforated tape—all the fun of talking directly to distant radio stations was gone. Glad to hear from any of my buddies who were in India or China!

RUSS DAVIS,
Box 11,
Worthington, Ohio



SHIPS ON THE C.B.I. RUN . . . No. 13 in a Series

This is the Brazil, prominently mentioned in an article by Billy Todd Lambert which appears in this issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. The Brazil, owned by the Moore-McCormack Lines, was retired several years ago.

Aboard the USAT Brazil

BY BILLY TODD LAMBERT

Every March memories are strong because it is the anniversary of the sailing of that wondrous Task Force 8090. This year the memories are very strong because this March marks the 20th anniversary of the activation of this Task Force and its many units and our sojourn from Charleston, S. C., to Karachi, India. I have found myself these past few weeks, while writing this, reliving the exciting times, wondering what happened to this truly wonderful group of people—where they are now, what they are doing, and if they, too, are remembering Task Force 8090, the good ship Brazil, and our 60 days aboard her. I know where some of our people are because I hear from them and see them occasionally. Another member of this group is also this year an officer of CBIV—Howard Clager.

In the midst of all this nostalgic reminiscing another "Brazilite" did appear. I was recently at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, conducting a meeting. The Finance Officer had been invited to speak and came in to meet with us shortly before lunch. Of course the first thing I noticed was the CBI patch—this always stands out like a beacon light to me—to all of us, I imagine. When we were introduced I mentioned that he was a CBer and a little later he recognized me as a fellow passenger on the Brazil. This was Capt. Clinton D. Newingham, still in that important job of paying people.

Needless to say we forgot about the other people at the meeting while we went through that routine so popular with CBers and especially so with the Brazil ones.

These two lines of this poem have always been pat with me:

"In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

This of course is epic—but for the past 10 years I have been of the opinion that ours was quite an adventure too, worthy of being immortalized. Perhaps our epic would go like this:

"In Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Two, The good ship Brazil, a transport new, Set sail for Karachi, far away— She zigged all night and she zagged all day.

And not content with ONE ocean blue, She sailed one strait, seas and oceans two.

Columbus, Pilgrims, Noah with Ark, Received acclaim when they did embark.

But can they with the Brazil compare?
A Task Force—fine men and maidens fair?

Perilous seas in those early days,
Lurking submarines were just one phase.

Two hours we stood each day on deck,
At dawn and dusk in case of ship wreck.
'Fifteen minutes to alert!—simple words,

But all responded like trained seal herds.
The guards snatched light bulbs and sealed portholes,
At dusk, while we played our boat deck roles.

Dawn's blackout dressing—a crazy bit,
And girls packed "going down with ship" kit,

Lipstick and comb, a nail file and "CHARMS."

If ship sank, ready for isle with palms,
I could zig and zag on in this poem,
As did the Brazil, our sixty day home.
Some events had no reason or rhyme,
So I'll leave our epic at this time.
Poor Columbus, Pilgrims, Noah, too,
They missed the boat in Nineteen Forty-Two."

This Task Force was assembled almost overnight, many groups being activated into units aboard ship. I was assigned to the 159th Station Hospital and did not meet the Commanding officer, Lt. Col. Thomas Walsh, until our third day at sea. I had been stationed at Camp Croft, S. C., and had been asked to come in to Washington to be interviewed for an overseas assignment, some months in the future. This was March 9, 1942. Our National Headquarters had been asked by the War Department the preceding day to assemble a hospital unit and a field unit. I was elected and had one day to clear as I had to go home in Massachusetts to take care of some personal business. I never did get back to Camp Croft and my foot locker caught up with me two hours before boarding ship. It seemed that everyone had been pulled from every part of the United States with orders for Charleston, S. C., and Shipment 8090 (MAGPIE). This I did not imagine, records prove this.

A few weeks ago I had the interesting experience and privilege of reviewing the old World War II records. There we are in stacks and stacks of records. It seems that in late February the War Department made the decision that military units would be sent to India. The earliest orders I could find were dated March 7 and continued on through another week. The old



CAPTAIN SADLER

red ink must have flowed into the stamp pads. Everything had "SECRET" stamped on it one inch high in bright red, and contained instructions that these orders were to be sent by the most secret means possible.

Our small group arrived by overnight train from Washington, in Charleston early on the morning of Friday the 13th, and began the long series of shots, which were never ending, and the rest of the processing. We didn't know where we were going, only that it was to a tropical climate, a great distance, and we were part of a Task Force to set up a new theatre of war. We were ordered not to tell anyone we were going overseas. By the weekend, we had run into hundreds of others, and without anyone "talking," rumors were afloat—I didn't know there were so many places on earth to be considered. (We didn't get our orders until we were aboard ship.) We heard there were 90 nurses, temporarily staying just outside of Charleston, but we didn't see one of them until we boarded ship. Everyone apparently was going somewhere, the thing none of us knew, or the others we met, was that we were all going on the same ship.

At this time both nurses and Red Cross wore blue or white blouses with Class A

uniform. The mythical nurses (mythical because no one seemed to have seen them) and we literally stripped the limited supply of blue and white blouses from Charleston shops. One had to visit about 20 shops to purchase 10 blouses.

Our Red Cross unit consisted of three men and five girls, the latter a hospital unit. They were Porter Layne, Tim Kirk, Dick Eldredge, Bea Lynch, Lois Nickerson, Dorothy Martin, Jeannette Ross and Billy (Alice) Todd. We had not met each other, with the exception of Bea and Nicky, until we departed for the train in Washington. However, the five of us with one nurse sharing a 36' square cabin were to get to know each other very well. We also shared this space with six foot lockers, 12 suitcases, six tin hats and all the rest of the gear issued. If you add six life preservers to the girth of each female, you'll know we were in close quarters. I leave to your imagination what it was like when we would receive a knock on the door and the call "fifteen minutes to alert" in the morning—this would be actually three-quarters of an hour before sunrise, and the guards had removed our light bulbs and sealed the port holes the preceding evening at sunset! To find the right clothes, brush teeth, wash face, apply lipstick and comb hair! This we did. To find your own bath towel was something. Of course you formed an attachment for your towel—you used it from a week to 10 days before you received a clean one and washing was by courtesy of the "ocean blue"—salt water. I used to embroider a "T" on mine so I could locate it by the touch system. It was not desirable to do it by scent method.

Anyway, I am ahead of my story. I really haven't got us out of Charleston yet. The night before we left we were invited to a big dance. Everyone there seemed to be going overseas and of course no one was supposed to talk but rumors were really flying and the word "India" predominated but still no one knew who was part of the Task Force group.

On Tuesday night, March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, we departed for the ship in a small truck. It was literally pouring cats and dogs. We sang Irish songs lustily all the way to the ship. The driver of the truck took a dim view of us, thinking us quite mad to be singing so gaily when we were going off to war. We boarded ship that night and the 90 nurses materialized, plus the people who were at the dance, and gradually in the next few days, the hundreds and hundreds of faces we had seen around Charleston the past four days appeared. Charleston must have been straining at the hinges because there were between five and six thousand of us, all

aboard the good ship, USAT Brazil. This had been a beautiful luxury liner of the Moore-McCormack Lines, hurriedly converted into a transport. We were told the conversion wasn't quite completed but due to reports of submarines in the Atlantic, it departed earlier than expected. Ballrooms and all luxury spaces were converted into space for the men. The men that had their bunks and hammocks there felt certain the conversion was not completed and did not associate the quarters with the word luxury. The plumbing didn't really plumb down there the whole trip. This is no reflection on this fine ship, there just hadn't been time to get it rebuilt for the big job it had to do.

My purpose in visiting the World War II Records Section was that I couldn't recall all of the units that made up our Task Force. It took a great deal of time to thumb through the records and I had to pick it up piecemeal. I hope I won't omit any. There were few individual names but these three I feel certain you will recall: Lt. Lewis P. Jordan, QMC, Capt. D. W. Boichot, Finance, Capt. Robert A. Hirshfield, Engineers. (I ran into Col. Jordan in Kunming 1943, in Berlin, Germany, 1949, at Fort Lee, Va., 1954.)

159th Station Hospital (Lt. Col. Thomas Walsh, Commanding and Lt. Dorcas Avery, Chief Nurse)

1st Ferrying Group with 3rd, 6th and 13th Ferrying Sqdns.

3rd Air Depot Group

735th Ordnance

752nd Sig. Plat.

813th QM

877th QM

393rd QM Bn.

Ramgarh Training Group

Hq & Hq Sqdn, 10th Air Force

Postal Regulating Section

Chaplain Corps

Judge Advocates

Port Medical Det.

Port Engineers Det.

Port Finance Det.

There were orders for the following but no unit numbers: 1 Hq & Hq Sq., Bomb Groups; 1 Bomb Sq.; 1 Recon. Sq.; 2 Signal Platoons; 2 Hq & Hq Pursuit Groups; 2 Ordnance Companies; 1 Int. Control Sq.; 1 Hq & Hq Sq. Air Base Group; 2 Material Sqns.; 2 Decon. Sqns.; 2 Det. QM; 1 Weather Det.; 1 Co. QM Bn (Trk); 1 Co. QM Bn (LM).

Another fascinating book at the World War II Records Section was one on transports in the Pacific. There was some data on the Brazil, which may be of interest. I am certain you recall she had only one stack (a popular place was beside it at night). The Brazil was built in 1928, former name was Virginia, length 613'1", beam

80', draft 34'4", gross tons 20,614, speed 16½ knots.

Our splendid Captain, who brought us safely through, was Captain Sadler, who had also commanded the ship in peace time cruises. To get back to our trip, we sailed early on the morning of March 19, 1942, and by zigging and zagging we landed in Karachi on May 16, 1942. We boarded ship the 17th of March, so this was our home for 60 days. Sometimes we had the comfort of a Corvette, other times she was missing. Also with us was a ship carrying Douglas Aircraft technicians to Eritrea. We stopped for a couple of days at Puerto Rico but only a privileged few were permitted ashore. Here we were to keep below so heads couldn't be counted. I think the most nerve-wracking part of the trip was Easter weekend at Freetown, Sierra Leone, on the east coast of Africa. No one, not even the captain, was permitted ashore. We had hoped to get water and supplies but we were bottled up in a long river with other allied ships, like sitting ducks for the Germans who were within easy striking distance of us by air from the north. Our next stop was at Capetown, Union of South Africa. We had shore leave each of the four days here and the royal carpet was really out.

We were danced and dined as this was the first American transport in this port. Our next stop was Port Elizabeth for four days, again with shore leave. The high point here was a wonderful dance at an old Feather Market, music by our own talented Port QM Bn. From the Port Elizabeth we went through the straits of Mozambique between coast of Africa and Madagascar where at that moment fighting was going on between the British and French.

Of course all of this time we zigged and we zagged, crossing the Equator twice, having our Neptune party. We stood alert every day at sea, an hour at sunrise and an hour at sunset—always in blackout at night, light bulbs removed from our quarters and port holes sealed. It was particularly uncomfortable near the Equator.

However, these alerts gave us the rare privilege of seeing the most glorious sunrises and sunsets, the Southern Cross. I had always thought Columbus had really made too much of a thing about proving the world was round but when I saw the Big Dipper go into the brine and the North Star completely off base, then I realized he had had some good points.

One thing that was somewhat embarrassing to the 95 females (so designated) was an order by Lt. Col. Clark, our transport commander. One day when he inspected quarters he found all our wet

laundry—blouses, blue or white, and other items—hanging around our bunks. They were miserable to dry and were washed or dumped in salt water. Lt. Col. Clark ordered everything hung on topside. We reluctantly and partially complied. We hung the blouses out, all 95 of us. Our ship's signal officer was Lt. Russell Reiss, USN, and he immediately had flashes from his friends, the signal officer on the Corvette and the one on the other ship going to Eritrea. The next day Lt. Col. Clark ordered the other items hung top side, the pink or peach rayon unmentionables. (This was before the luxury of nylon.) The other signal officers immediately signalled Lt. Reiss, "We understood the blue and white objects but what are the little pink things?" There were no females aboard the two ships accompanying us.

During all of this time, all of the girls were in woolen uniforms, one issue each but I believe with two skirts. The Transport Troop Commander forbade slacks. They were hot and became filthy as we sat in chairs one hour a day, half hour for breakfast and half hour for dinner. We had no lunch, no lounge, no chairs except in the dining room. I ate at 7:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. and although we had sufficient intake it was a long time between meals. It was a court martial offense to take any food from the dining room except the piece of fruit issued twice daily. (This one major learned to his sorrow.) Charms were our only candy after the first few days.

Keeping our hair clean was impossible but it came to the point where it was unbearable. I learned from our fine ship's captain that there was sufficient water for us to have a shampoo. I approached the transport commander and he permitted one quart of ice water per female. Our hair was constantly wet at night in the stifling cabins and wind blown by day. Try washing hair like that after many weeks with one quart of ice water. We got it down to a system by helping each other. The last cup of rinse started the next girl off. We finally got the help of the ship's crew, some cans and collected rain water.

This was a fascinating, amazing voyage, the beautiful water, the glorious sky at night, the sunrise and sunsets, seeing water day after day. One couldn't recall ever having been anywhere but at sea. The group were wonderfully fine—few showed fear. We had incoming news but no outgoing. We heard three times that we had been sunk.

The rough part of it was for the troops who slept way down below and there wasn't room on deck for all of them to be on deck at once.

Other news we had was that Gen. Doolittle had bombed Tokyo and Gen.

Stilwell had walked out of Burma. We wondered if we would have a Japanese reception committee at Karachi, but we didn't. We were royally received by the handful who had arrived before us by air, a few from the U. S. directly but others diverted from Java and a few other places.

When we sailed into Karachi we were goggle-eyed by the strange sights—camel wagons to unload ship—someone called out "Chattanooga Choo Choo" which was popular at the time.

While we were on ship we formed an organization, contributed a nickel and our names and addresses. The nickel was to defray mailing charges when the list of names was compiled after the war. No one seems to know what happened to the nickels or the man who collected them. This organization had a wonderful name, "We ain't allowed to mention the name of the ship club."

Every March 19 and Sept. 19 for several years there was a terrific celebration, wherever you happened to be—China, Burma or India. It was exclusive, you could only attend this six months anniversary if you had been on the Brazil. In Sept. 1945 we could only find three, in March and Sept. 1946, I could find no one with whom to celebrate. Wouldn't it be wonderful to get together March 19, 1962, for a 20-year reunion?

I do want to pay tribute to our very fine Captain Sadler and his worthy ship, the USAT Brazil for our safe journey and the founding of some lifelong memories of the grand people making up this Task Force.

Fifteen minutes to alert! Brazilians, wherever you are. —THE END

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They are tiny—only $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch high, $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch wide—but will catch the eye of any CBI'er you chance to meet.

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP
P. O. Box 138 Laurens, Iowa

Goodwill Visit to Burma

HQ. THIRTEENTH AIR FORCE, Philippines—More than 18,000 Burmese clapped hands and tapped toes as the Thirteenth Air Force played on its fourth annual musical tour to the Union of Burma.

During the December 1961 visit, the band crowded seven appearances before "live" audiences into the four-day schedule, and appeared on the nation-wide radio network of the Burma Broadcasting System to an audience estimated in excess of 600,000 listeners.

It was the first time that an American band had played over the BBS, and another "first" for the Thirteenth Air Force's "Musical Ambassadors" was the inclusion of Burmese singers with musical congregation.

The widely-traveled Thirteenth Air Force Band was invited for the fourth year by the American Embassy at the request of the Burmese Government. Under the baton of Chief Warrant Officer Patrick Veltre, the bandmen started work less than six hours after they arrived in Rangoon, playing an evening engagement at the annual Charity Ball for Burmese Boy Scouts.

It was the second year that the band had played at the exclusive Turf Club for the Burmese Boy Scouts, and during the evening, Madame L. Ramzi, chairman of the event, presented Mr. Veltre with an engraved Burmese silver bowl in the name of Prime Minister U Nu in appreciation of the unit's efforts.

The morning of the second day, a Sunday, was spent on a quick tour of Rangoon, with a visit to the Shwedagon Pagoda and the city's market place.

In the afternoon, at the invitation of the American Ambassador to the Union of Burma, the Honorable John Scott Everton, the musicians played for the diplomatic corps at a garden party, and were the guests of the Ambassador and his wife

following the performance.

The third day saw the "Musical Ambassadors" setting up in the auditorium of the Mingaladon Base Hospital where they played an hour-long program as entertainment for the patients and staff.

Rushed back to the heart of Rangoon by bus, the Thirteenth Air Force's musicians immediately set up their stands for an outdoor performance in the Royal Park. During this performance, which was sponsored by the City of Rangoon, members of the city's Fire Brigade Band were honored guests. The firemen's band was formed with the aid of the Thirteenth Air Force Band Commander.

In the evening, the bandmen were guests of the Embassy staff.

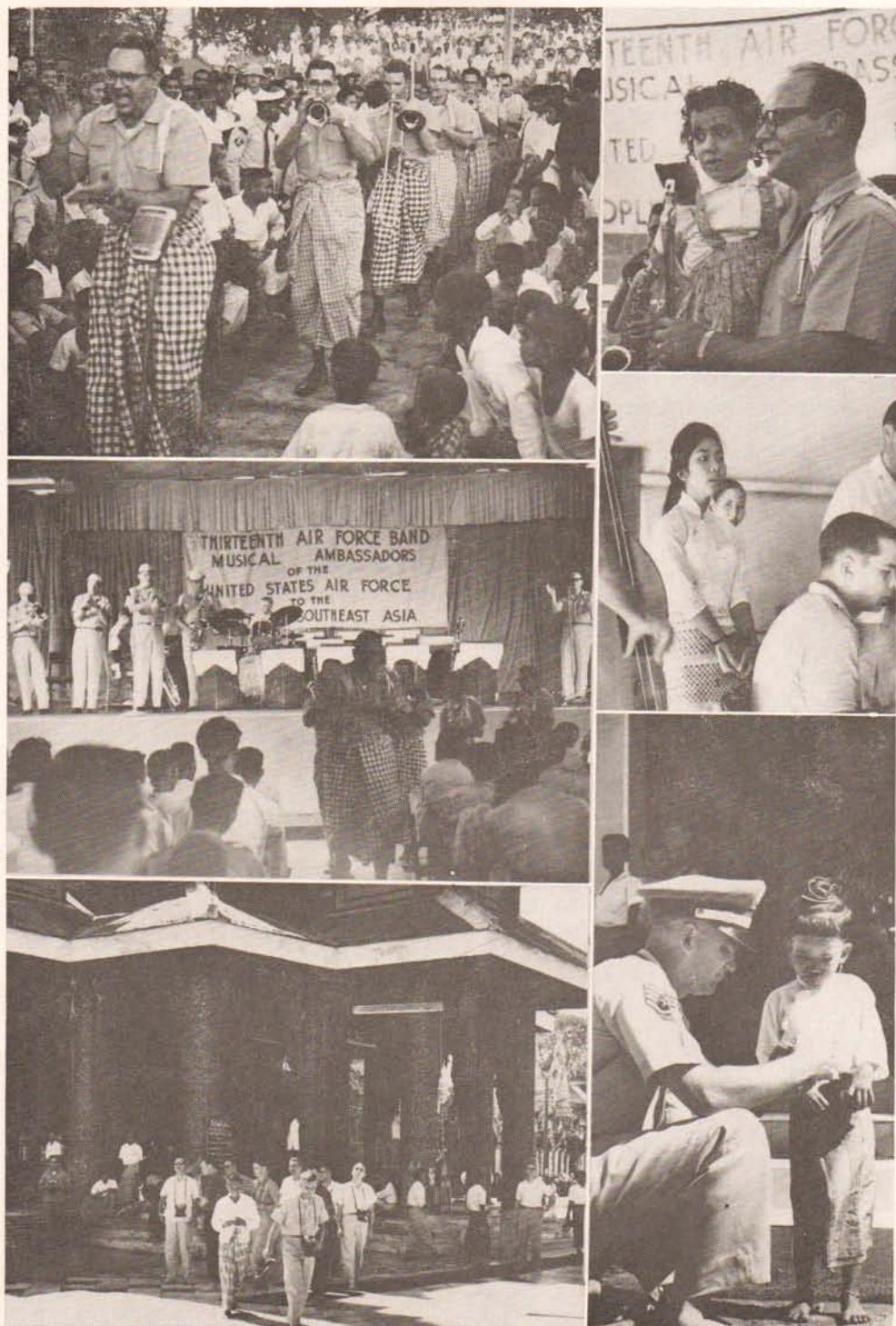
On the last day of the crowded schedule, the Thirteenth Air Force Band spent the entire morning auditioning Burmese singers for the evening performance over the Burma Broadcasting System. One of the singers obtained for that evening was U Ant Gyi, who was to sing Thon Ya Thee, or "Three Seasons." A Burmese song, it required orchestration for the U. S. Air Force bandmen, and while the rest of the band was auditioning the remainder of the singers, Staff Sergeant William Quinty spent a hectic five hours working out the arrangements.

In the early afternoon, the Thirteenth Air Force Band appeared before the spectators at the South East Asia Peninsular games, and then returned immediately to the BBS studios for the first of the two evening concerts.

Comments ranged from "cool" to "wonderful" as the weary musicians of the Thirteenth Air Force packed up instruments for the 2,000 mile flight back to Clark Air Base in the Republic of the Philippines. Both Burmese and American officials are making plans for an extended visit by the band in late 1962. —THE END



HIGHLIGHTS OF BAND TRIP—(Upper left) Before audience of more than 6,000 at Kennedy Point in the Royal Lake Park, Rangoon, members of the Thirteenth Air Force Band clad in native clothes march through the audience to the tune of "The Saints Go Marching In." (Center) Backed up by the band's jazz combo, longi-clad members of the Musical Ambassadors parade through a delighted crowd at the Mingaladon Hospital on the outskirts of Rangoon. (Lower left) Taking a break from their crowded musical tour, bandmen visit Rangoon's famed Shwedagon Temple. (Upper right) Chief Warrant Officer Patrick Veltre, commander and director of the Thirteenth Air Force Band, aids a young Burmese girl as she sings a number. (Center) Burmese singer Susie Khan auditions for an appearance with the band during the group's hour-long show over the Burma Broadcasting System's nationwide network. (Lower right) Interested Burmese boy gets on-the-spot lesson in photography from S/Sgt. Narvel T. Selke during the band's visit to the Shwedagon Temple. (USAF photos)



MARCH, 1962

Count to 9 Above the Clouds

BY AL DOUGHERTY

High above the towering Himalayas a four-engine aircraft droned through the rarefied air.

This was the Air Transport Command "Hump" route of 1944; an aerial lifeline flying supplies from India into China over the rugged Himalayan "rock pile."

At the helm Lt. Kenneth P. Stoeckmann wryly compared the quiet routine of this flight with the desperate maneuvering of the preceding trip, when a pouncing enemy fighter had thoroughly perforated the C-54.

The sky was vast and empty. The plane droned on.

It happened so fast, they never really knew what caused it. Apparently a weakened elevator or aileron cable snapped, throwing the heavy plane into a spiraling spin.

Instantly Lt. Stoeckmann applied full power to the inside engines—to no avail. He ordered the crew to bail out.

Getting out of a spinning C-54 is no cinch. Preparing to jump, Lt. Stoeckmann was thrown head-on against the doorframe and knocked unconscious as he left the lurching plane.

Now came one of those strange freaks of fate which we can never anticipate.

Out for the count, high above a rugged mountain range, the lieutenant slammed against the tail of the aircraft and a miracle happened—the jolt opened his parachute.

But three panels of the chute were ripped in the process, and when Lt. Stoeckmann came out of his blackout he was descending very, very fast.

Again fate, or the Providence that looks out for flyers, took a hand in the action. The lieutenant landed on the steep slope of a mountain and rolled several hundred feet before he could stop himself.

At first he was unable to move, but he had broken no bones and shortly recovered sufficient strength to begin a seven-hour trek down a mountain pass, where he was picked up by Chinese soldiers who carried him to a Chinese radio station.

Soon he was back at his home base and flying the "Hump" again.

These were the growing pains of a husky new airlift born of wartime necessity.

In October 1944 under command of William H. Tunner (then Brigadier General; later MATS Commander at Scott) the lift over the "Hump" was increased from 12,000 tons a month to 20,000 tons.

This was made possible by doubling the number of transport aircraft—especially procurement of the four-engine C-54 to augment the overworked C-47—and by greater efficiency in maintenance, repair, loading and unloading.

The flyers likewise stepped up their proficiency: on one day in 1944 an average of one crossing of the Himalayas was made every 2½ minutes.

The "Hump" airlift contributed measurably to the nation's war effort. President Roosevelt called the feat of U. S. airmen flying material to China an "amazing performance" and an "epic of the war."

The consolidation on June 1, 1948, of the Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service brought into being the Military Air Transport Service.

Less than a month later, MATS was handed the sizable assignment of airlifting two million tons of supplies to beleaguered Berlin.

By July 1950 the command had begun another great overseas operation—the Pacific Airlift. These operations were superb examples of strategic airlift: the mass movement by air of men and material to meet urgent military requirements in far corners of the world.

Each succeeding year has placed its urgent requirements on MATS.

The ability to set up and fly strategic airlift anywhere, under any conditions, is a cornerstone tradition on which today's global airlift force was founded.

—THE END

(*EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of three articles written by Al Dougherty, of Headquarters MATS Historical Division, which originally appeared in Broadcaster, the Scott Air Force Base newspaper.*)

Tell Your Friends
About
Ex-CBI Roundup

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

ASSORTED MEMOIRS OF CHUNGKING

Let us engage in a gallivant of the Ancient and Modern Municipality of Chungking. As an A.G.D. T/5, seven months were spent in this sweet city of per diem before the war ended. If this aging intellectual rube seems to cut capers with the exact geography of this township, don't be harsh! The next error might be your own. Cinch up your roller skates and let us depart! For a conversation starter, how many of these locations can you redeem from oblivion? Mr. Shakespeare used to say "Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return."

Our embarkment will be from a little sidewalk cafe entitled "Sing Chin's Greasy Chop-stick" situated on Wa Chu Ma Lu. That "Lu" business means "street" in the local dialect. We are now going to make mention of the landmarks as we pace along. Look at that used lumber emporium—old beaten-up boards, and wreckage of packing boxes of good old Uncle Sugar origin. This odd assortment of forest products was gleaned from our Quartermaster Warehouses. Bits of lumber were much in demand by the villagers. The tradesfolk who operated this bazaar appeared very prosperous and busy. Looking towards the Yangtze River we can see the Shanhupa Field of the China National Aviation Corp., as well as the offices of this Air Line. Now we are passing the Soviet Embassy. Say! Comrade, isn't that guard a serious-faced gent?

The intriguing smell of leather fills the air as we hike by the many little cobbler shops, where footgear is produced at the rate of hundreds of pairs a day. Family enterprises they are, employing three generations of journeymen.

A cutlery merchant displays a huge inventory on a rack. Also, his service department where your knives will be sharpened for a small handling charge. His entire set-up is portable and he moves with the crowd. The addresses we are now passing are in Lin Sen Lu. What unusual housing! Building plans that were meant for shanty, igloo, shack, hut and hovel. Probably spasmotic shelters for low-paid Civil Service Employees and Postal Workers. Look down by the river. There is the Chuchimen Boat Co. This shipping firm shuttles scows over to Haitans across the river. Us G.I.'s referred to that parcel of real estate as South Bank, and wasn't it the home of

the Soap and Solvent Co., producers of Hunter's Gin? The labels varied, but the product was identical—Sloe Gin, Jamaika Gin, Holland Gin, or what have you! Personally I thought it better than Fighter Brand of India.

Here we are at the Post Office, not far from China's Foreign Affairs Building. Hold your nose as we trot down this alley because tons of fish are drying in the open, much to the enjoyment of millions of flies. Watch out for those coolies that are carrying water up the long stone steps. On the left can be seen the financial district, home of money mongers, money lenders, and money brokers. How much is C.N.? Ever go to the Hoopla Hotel? Let's hide in back of the Fifth Amendment! Gosh, we must change our direction, because soon the two rivers are going to blend together, so turn abruptly and look, there is Victory House. Many cheap book stores in this block!

Here is a pastry shop and cakes are being baked. But, oh! The doughmaster has a bad cold and seems to have run out of Kleenex. The City Electric Plant and Water Works. China's Capitol Buildings and the Generalissimo's residence.

The inviting aroma from Carleton's Chow House makes me hungry! Polish and American Embassies, close apart. Chialing House and the Parachute Tower. Office of War Information. Remember writers White and Miner? Press Hostel. Over there you can see the Mint and Minister of Finance. Cheqrio, there is the British Embassy.

In this area there is a thriving local industry I shall call "The Complete Salvation of a Lowly Cigarette Butt." These spent coffin nails are collected in a most hygienic manner from the common gutter. The paper is then removed. Reblending now takes place. Perhaps some Virginia Broadleaf is added for extra body and a pinch of Latika to kill the rubbish odor. Re-rolling finishes the job and they are now re-packed and sold as "Lucky Boy," "Dromedary" or "Silver Wings."

Let us get on with our stroll! The Chathay MovieLand Theater showing Wally Berry in "Tugboat Annie." Liang Lu-Ko and Zig-Zag Drive. The Pagoda, which survived all the bombing. Sing-sing Ice Cream Co., off limits at times. Radio XGOY, "Voice of China." New Headquarters. Who remembers Annie's Victory Garden? And House No. 17?

Across the river can be seen the Road to Kweichow. Let's skip by the O.S.S. Building, S.O.S. Transportation, and the WAC's Hostel. But now our make-believe tour is over, and we awake with a start!

The tale you have just read was calculated to weigh down your eye lids and give refreshing sleep. Thanks to Sgt. "Lefty" Burgess, because in a way, he helped me with this brief essay. THE END



News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman

BHAGALPUR—Bachcha Lal Biscuitwala of Nathnagar was removed to the sadar hospital for treatment after he attempted to offer his right hand to the goddess Kali. He told his neighbors he had seen a vision on Diwali night of the goddess demanding an offering of one of his hands. He did not listen to the pleading of friends and neighbours and went to the local Kali temple the next morning and made an attempt to chop off his right hand in front of the deity. He failed to sever his hand but inflicted a deep gash in his arm.

CALCUTTA—Reports have been received of more than 720 deaths in the recent Northern India cold wave.

TELlicherry—A full-grown panther was shot inside a house at Taliparamba, about 15 miles from Cannanore. In the morning the panther had mauled a woman as she left the house, but ran away when people came to the woman's rescue. She was taken to a hospital. At about noon, when the woman's husband returned from the hospital, he found the panther asleep on a cot in one of the rooms. He cautiously locked the door from the outside and informed some shikaris, who shot it through the window.

JABALPUT—A reward of Rs 200 has been offered for the capture of a midget, whose identity has been shrouded in mystery and who is reported to be roaming the forest areas of Damoh-Sougor. Villagers who have seen the man describe him as completely naked and not more than 3.5 feet tall. He has long unkept hair all over his body, nails one and a half inches long and he speaks unintelligibly. A forester once caught this strange man but was persuaded by the superstitious villagers to let him go as they were fearful of the consequences.

KATHMANDU—The Meghuli forest and glades in the Terai (South Nepal), which came into prominence following Queen Elizabeth's tiger shooting programme last year, will be the scene for the filming of Marco Polo. The movie is being produced by Ham Productions of France, owned by Mr. Raoul Levy, who discovered Brigitte Bardot. Other scenes in the life of Marco Polo will be shot at the Elephanta Caves, Bombay Harbour and in Palitano, Gujarat.

CALCUTTA—The World Bank has agreed to help the Metropolitan Organization with about \$80,000 (about Rs 4 lakhs) for a detailed study on the feasibility of constructing a tunnel under the Hooghly River and a bridge over it.

ASANSOL—Residents of the village of Fathepur, about three miles from here, rushed out of their houses early one morning recently when they felt an earth tremor and saw the ground gradually sinking under their feet. Their houses did not collapse, but a part of the village has subsided. All inhabitants have been removed from the danger area. It is stated that there is an old colliery which was abandoned long ago, and the residents were warned as far back as 1942 to remove themselves as the site was unsafe. The villagers paid no heed and in course of time some two-storeyed houses were built there.

CALCUTTA—West Bengal has the largest number of trade unions in the country, a total of 2,096. About 30 unions a month, on an average, are registered in the state. To maintain a check on the haphazard growth of unions, the State Government has appointed four inspectors to go around Calcutta and the industrial suburbs and examine the books of accounts maintained by them to see whether the rules prescribed for proper functioning of unions are observed. On account of submission of faulty returns, the registration of about 300 unions has been cancelled.

HYDERABAD—Eight girls were washed away by a high tide in Marsapur, West Godavari district, according to a report received at police headquarters here. It was stated that 80 girls of the Mission Hostel, Narsapur, were out on a picnic at the beach at Antervedi. In the afternoon they went for a swim. Eight of them were carried away by the tide and were drowned. Their bodies were not recovered.

CALCUTTA—Fewer murders were committed in Calcutta last year than in the previous year, according to records maintained by the City Police. The figure for 1961 was 35, that for 1960 being 50. Cases of snatching valuable articles from pedestrians numbered 77 last year against 105 in 1960 and 97 in 1959.

DHANBAD—A pilot plant for the conversion of coal and coke into gas recently went into operation at the Central Fuel Research Institute, near here. The plant is the first of its kind in India and the gas is prepared at high pressure with steam and oxygen. The ancillary units for the supply of oxygen and steam have also been installed. The plant is a gift from the U. S. Government under T.C.M. aid

and has been supplied by the renowned German firm, Lurgi. The cost, including the ancillary equipment, is nearly Rs 35 lakhs.

CALCUTTA—The West Bengal Government is stated to be considering whether a State legislative measure would be necessary to deal with the growing problem of prostitution in West Bengal. Police have found that the Suppression of Immoral Traffic in Women and Girls Act, a Central

measure that came into force in 1956, has largely failed to achieve its purpose. The provision in the Central act that arrangements must be made to rehabilitate fallen women through social welfare homes also appears to pose difficulties. The State Government has estimated that the number of prostitutes in the Calcutta area exceeds 40,000 and therefore to provide for all of them according to their desires was out of the question.

Last Call for Binders?



Whether we will continue to offer these attractive book-style binders depends upon you, our subscribers.

The last binder we had in stock was mailed out a couple weeks ago. If we replenish our supply, we must buy in large quantity in order to continue selling them at the low price of \$3.00. We must know, therefore, whether you want to continue using them . . . whether it will be worthwhile for us to order a new stock.

If you are going to need one or more binders in the next several months, we suggest you order now. If enough orders are received, we will replenish our supply and mail all binders within a few weeks . . . otherwise all checks will be returned.

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\$3⁰⁰ Postpaid

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

Doctor to Half of Nepal

From the Des Moines Tribune

BANEPA, NEPAL—Jeeping over tortuous rocky trails in the high Himalayas at breakneck speed is routine for Dr. Stanley Sturges, 32-year-old Seventh-day Adventist missionary named this year by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce as one of America's 10 outstanding young men.

In 1960, Dr. Tom Dooley, American medical missionary pioneer in Laos, captured the hearts of America with his dedication of purpose, and was named one of the Jaycee's 10 outstanding young men of the year.

This year Sturges holds such an honor. The only medical personnel available in the entire eastern half of Nepal, the lanky six foot four inch doctor and his nurse-wife Raylene have their hands full.

People come from miles around to their little 20-bed hospital at Banepa. When they can't come, the doctor goes to them. In addition he holds a clinic regularly in even more isolated towns of Pinauti and Dapcha.

"Road Test"

Sometimes the jeep gives up its battle with the rugged terrain, and then Sturges has to go it on foot. The road into Dapcha was a particularly hazardous one, in addi-

tion to being destructive to tires and springs.

The people, who travel mostly on foot, were happily oblivious to their "highway" problem—until one day Sturges took one of Dapcha's leading citizens for a ride.

The townsman perched himself on the rear of the jeep, and Sturges headed up the trail. He negotiated the first jackknife turn without a great deal of difficulty.

But at the second one, Sturges went into a series of maneuvers that brought the rear of the jeep extremely close to nothingness.

In fact, the jeep tail on which the townsman sat was hanging out into space. The vehicle's wheels were less than a foot from the edge of the trail. Slowly the vehicle edged farther back.

"Please tell me when to stop," said Sturges sweetly.

White-faced, the townsman squeaked, "Enough! Enough!" Sturges quickly shot the gears into forward and pulled ahead.

As he continued on up the mountain, he chatted reflectively about how sorely a better road was needed through there.

In less than a week Sturges had his "better road."

Deeded Land

The townspeople of Banepa made another of the doctor's dreams possible. He and Raylene had been laboring for more than a year in wholly inadequate rented quarters.

Designed for the short-statured Nepalese, the low ceilings and even lower doorways provided the tall doctor with a perpetual lump on his head. There were no in-patient facilities.

Sturges longed for a hospital where the people could receive proper care. But in Nepal such establishments can be built only on government land. And no government land was available.

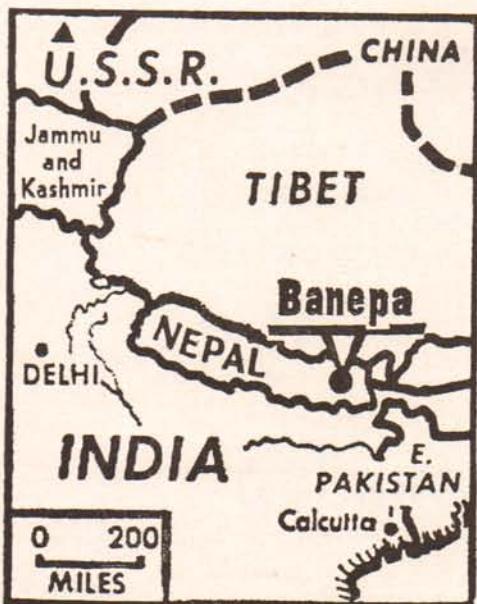
The citizens of Banepa solved the problem neatly. They deeded a choice site at the foot of Mt. Everest to the government with the stipulation that it be used for the American hospital.

Other Skills

Sturges took over from there. He drew up his own plans, built his own brick kiln, and supervised construction with an eye to the most efficient use of available funds.

His childhood and youth as the son of a missionary in Africa gave him good background for this. Doctoring isn't his only skill.

A knowledge of carpentry, plumbing, painting—to say nothing of a dash of





DRESSED AS Nepalese, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Sturges demonstrate one method of family transportation. Most transportation is by foot in Nepal.

mechanical aptitude developed through intimate acquaintance with hard-used mission vehicles—proved to be valuable assets.

The hospital is a busy place today. Some 230,000 Nepalese look to this facility and its dedicated American couple for medical aid. Clinic hours begin at 7:45 a.m. with as many as 120 persons waiting outside the doors.

There is little time for waste motion with a patient list that long. Together Dr. and Mrs. Sturges work through the list. At noon, the doors of the clinic close and the Sturges finish up with those who have managed to arrive inside by that hour.

Sometimes while Raylene is finishing up with injections Sturges steals away home and gets lunch started.

Afternoons are reserved for house calls and out-clinics. Frequently he takes one of the children along for the ride. (There are four little Sturgeses—two boys and two girls.)

The children have been a real asset in helping to win the confidence and friendship of the people, Sturges says.

Resourceful Wife

There are times when the doctor must be away from home for several days. Then Raylene fills in, meeting with typical

American fortitude whatever situation may befall—whether it is a baby's premature arrival or a fracture case.

Once when her husband was on a 17-day trek with a United States Operation Mission, Raylene found it necessary to drive a patient across the rugged mountain roads to the Nepalese capital, Katmandu, where the United Medical Mission Hospital is located.

En route the jeep caught fire. Dismayed but not without resources, Raylene stopped by a pile of dry manure, with which she hastily smothered the blaze.

Power Problem

If the little hospital at Banepa could get enough electric current to operate its own X-ray equipment, many of the wild rides to Katmandu could be eliminated. The doctor is working on this now.

He wants to bring in a diesel-electric unit powerful enough for the job.

Sturges' interest in Nepal has deep roots. He will be returning to the United States on furlough in 1963. But he will leave his beloved Nepalese in good hands during his absence—his brother Keith, a California physician, will fill in for him.

Sturges plans advanced medical studies while he is in the United States. He received his M.D. degree from Loma Linda (Cal.) University in 1955. —THE END

China Famine Is Worst Ever

By LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

(North American Newspaper Alliance)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mass starvation on a scale never known in human history is sweeping Red China, a special research task force from the U. S. Department of Agriculture reports.

Food supplies for China's 700 million population are at "a dangerously low level" for the fourth successive year.

Masses of workers in the cities have not the daily strength to operate their tools and machines.

Hungry mobs denude the fields of the collective farms by night, destroying many crops before maturity.

All livestock is disappearing from the country landscape. Even dogs are prized as city meat.

China teeters today on the brink of a second Dark Age of nomadic cannibalism.

Population Growth

Since 1949, China's population has expanded by some 168 million. Yet, total food production in 1961 was smaller by many thousands of tons.

The U. S. is sifting daily reports from Asia on the spreading famine and its demoralizing impact on the whole fabric of civilization on the Asian mainland.

A Shanghai report outlines the food crisis in these words: "The current ration consists of 2 ounces of rice per week; 4 ounces of sugar per month; 4 ounces of biscuit per month; 4 cookies per month; one yard of cotton cloth per year."

This official ration measures out to little more than 2 ounces of food per day. The Western standard is about 3 pounds a day.

Nutritional scientists in Washington conclude that daily food intake for the masses of China has been at the malnutrition level so persistently for the last two years that the entire population has fallen into a state of physical lassitude.

Farmer Report

A farmer refugee from a decaying Chinese commune reports that when he left China 15 of 55 men in his work force suffered from beriberi, an unfailing symptom of advanced malnutrition.

Red China has purchased 1,350,000 tons of grains and flour from Canada and Australia during the last year, but now has exhausted her credit. All future purchases in those areas must be for hard cash, which Peiping has not.

Late in November, 1961, a Shanghai refugee disclosed that "If you want to buy a pair of sox in Communist China, you

must turn in an old pair in exchange with your money and your ration card."

If there are no new sox in stock the buyer is given a commodity receipt for his old sox, to be redeemed in a month or two, when the next shipment of sox arrives.

The same applies "to light bulbs, cooking utensils, underwear, and mosquito netting," the refugee said. —THE END

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THE ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Book Reviews



THE ALGERIAN PROBLEM. By Edward Bebe. W. W. Norton and Company, New York. January 1962. \$4.50.

A survey, historical and analytical, of the background and the course of the Algerian rebellion. After summing up the present-day issues, the author, for 10 years a reporter on North Africa for Reuter's and then for Time, closes on a moderately hopeful note.

THE PRODIGAL RAKE: MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY. Edited by Peter Quennell. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. February 1962. \$6.50.

The autobiography of a good-natured Londoner of the late 18th century who indulged in the most amazing dissipations from age 14 through his twenties. His adventures did not cease when, in his later life, he made a fortune as an administrator in colonial India. The four volumes of his memoirs are now for the first time condensed into one.

THE LEGACY OF HIROSHIMA. By Edward Teller with Allen Brown. Doubleday and Company, New York. April 1962. \$4.95.

Dr. Teller draws on his great personal knowledge and experience as a leader in America's nuclear development, and goes behind the scenes to throw new light on the momentous events and decisions that have caused the United States to lose its 1945 position of undisputed strength.

WEST WITH THE SUN. By Stuart Cloete. Doubleday and Company, New York. March 1962. \$5.95.

The story of the author's round-the-world freighter voyage, with fascinating stop-offs in Hong Kong, Cambodia, Vietnam, Java, Sumatra, Singapore and Egypt. Incisive descriptions of flora, fauna and people, plus a traveler's how-to-do-it section, complete with prices, restaurant tips, etc.

THE LANE OF ETERNAL STABILITY. By K. C. Wu. Crown Publishers, New York. March 1962. \$4.95.

A novel of China by a man who was a former colleague of Chiang Kai-shek, who went to school with Chou En-lai, and who has personally negotiated with Mao-Tse Tung. His novel tells how a peace-loving, tradition-bound nation turned into a Communist state.

FODOR'S GUIDE TO JAPAN AND EAST ASIA. David McKay Company, Inc., New York. \$5.95.

New 1962 guide to the Orient. Includes Japan, Hong Kong, The Philippines, Thailand, Singapore, Macao, Indonesia, South Korea, Burma, Malaya, Taiwan, Cambodia, Vietnam. Illustrated; 700 pages.

NINE HOURS TO RAMA. By Stanley Wolpert. Random House, New York. March 1962. \$4.95.

A suspenseful novel based on the nine hours preceding the assassination of Gandhi. A selection of the Literary Guild and Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club, and scheduled to be a major production by Twentieth Century-Fox.

FIA FIA. By James Ramsey Ullman. World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York. March 1962. \$4.95.

A novel of the South Pacific combining a lush tropical island, a wild and beautiful native girl, a troubled young engineer, an inhibited American nurse, and a boy of mixed blood caught between two worlds.

TOO LONG IN THE WEST. By Balachandra Rajan. Atheneum Press, New York. February 1962. \$4.50.

A brightly mocking Indian novel that takes off from the old story of the princess and her suitors. The princess is a lovely Indian maiden just back from obtaining her college degree at Columbia University. Her suitors, a miscellaneous lot, have been summoned by an advertisement her father placed in the papers.

AGENCY HOUSE. By Susan Yorke. Farrar, Straus & Cudaby, Inc., New York. March 1962. \$3.95.

An exciting and readable novel of suspense, laid in a present-day Malayan city and centering around a Communist dynamite plot.

HUDSON TAYLOR AND MARIA. By J. C. Pollock. McGraw-Hill, New York. January 1962. \$4.95.

The life story of the first Protestant missionary to penetrate the interior of China—his love and marriage, his harrowing adventures, and his dedicated struggle to evangelize the people of China.

THE MEDAL: THE STORY OF THE MEDAL OF HONOR. By Frank Donovan. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, February 1962. \$3.50.

From its establishment during the Civil War through the Korean conflict, here is the dramatic story of the Congressional Medal of Honor and of the daring exploits of some of the nation's bravest men which have merited for them the country's highest military award.



FIRST JEEP enters China on Burma and Ledo Roads after T.V. Soong cuts tape. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M.D.

New Subscriber

• Just heard about Ex-CBI Roundup, and was delighted. Sorry I missed the previous issues. I was an Army nurse at the 18th General, 20th General and Kalaikunda. I will be looking forward to the next issues.

MRS. ELEANOR SILCOX,
Fullerton, Calif.

Incident at Sea

• Being a constant reader of the little Mag. and at times a contributor, I would like to say it is getting better each month. I have been following with interest "Ships on the C.B.I. Run." I am looking forward to the picture of the U.S.A.T. George Washington. I (along with several thousand GI's) sailed out of Wilmington, Calif., Sept. 7, 1943—heading for CBI. My records show the master was C. H. Batchelder; transport commander, Colonel Dinsmore Alter; provost marshal, Capt. Jas. H. McHenry, 1212th Military Police Co. The G. W. crossed the Equator Sept. 15, 1943. Few of the many thousand aboard that trip ever knew how close we came to a major disaster; in fact most slept through it. We were

about six days out of port. Our company, under the command of Capt. McHenry, was responsible for the security of the ship. I was sgt. in charge of the men doing security duty on one deck at this particular time. It was about 3 a.m., extremely dark on the Atlantic. I was checking one of the guards and having a friendly chat when suddenly the big ship pitched to the port side. We were standing near the rail on the starboard and were thrown to the deck.

Although slightly dazed, I distinctly saw the form of another large ship pass us on our starboard side, a distance of no more than fifty feet. I then realized how close we came to a head-on collision, and this in the middle of the big Pacific. Most of the troops were tossed from the bunks, but thought it due to high seas. I talked to the Quartermaster sometime later. He admitted the incident but would not discuss it further. Was it friend or foe?? Nineteen years later and I still don't know. The names included here are from my records; the incident from my memory. An incident that very few knew about ('til now) and one that I shall never forget.

ALLEN P. JOHNSTON,
Elkton, Md.

Raymond D. Nickols

• Had a note from Mrs. Raymond D. Nickols that her husband died of a heart attack Nov. 10. He was a quartermaster officer, lived with the 51st Air Service Group for awhile and then at the Sealkote Tea Estate buildings. Nick went back to school after the war and earned a degree in medicine. He was a Roundup subscriber, and was practicing at Deerfield, Minn.

CHARLES L. WOODWARD,
Coldwater, Mich.



GATHERING at the well in Shalimar Garden, in Lahore, India. Photo by R. C. Konen.



VISITING STARS Pat O'Brien and Jinks Falkenburg at officers mess, Misamari Air Base, India. Photo by Col. James P. Dearbeyne.

Picture on Cover

• My picture was on the cover of your Ex-CBI Round-up of January 1962; second from left (with mustache). A friend forwarded the issue to me. On the picture reading from left to right as far as I can remember (I hope I'm right; it's been a long time) are Winfield Foster, Harry Kalafian, Stark (can't remember first name), Bucky Fortuna and an unidentified M.P. All these fellows except the M.P. were part of the 25th Field Hospital.

HARRY KALAFIAN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

USS General Randall

• The picture of the USS General Randall moved me to take pen in hand. Along with about 7,000 others, I was aboard this vessel on its maiden voyage from Hampton Roads through the Panama Canal, between the New Zealand islands, around the underside of Australia to Freemantle and then to Bombay. We were unescorted across the Pacific, the speed of the ship being considered adequate defense against submarines, so we zigged and zagged through the waters considered dangerous. However, the new

ship broke down twice in this area and once drifted for more than 24 hours before repairs could be completed—a virtual sitting duck, which was somewhat disconcerting. The trip took 45 days, with three days layover at Freemantle. From there we had a British escort to Bombay.

R. L. PUTNAM,
Atlanta, Ga.

Letters for Seger

• Just received word from one of our basha members, Al Davis, of a buddy of his, Bill Seger, who was with the 36th Special Service Group around Ledo, Myitkyina and Bhamo. He reports that Bill is a victim of multiple sclerosis, and is confined at Oak Glen, Coal Valley, Ill. It would be good if you would make mention of this in the next Ex-CBI Roundup asking all CBers of that area to write a few lines to Bill.

BILL MOERK,
Des Plaines, Ill.

First of the Year

• Anthony Helling of Dubuque is first Iowan to pay 1962 Iowa Basha and national CBVA dues. Sahib Tony has just opened a 30-unit motel, the Dodge House, on Highway 20 just a block west of the bridge in Dubuque. Mr. Helling served in CBI with the 20th Air Force. Incidentally, the Iowa Basha spring meeting and election of officers will be held in Amana the first Saturday after Easter, on April 28.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa



HUMP SCENE from a 14th Air Force B-24. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

Commander's

Message

by

George Marquardt

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Sahibs and Memsaibis:

Well, here it is March again, the month of the lion and the lamb. It shouldn't be too much longer before we begin to see signs of Spring, and I'm sure that many of us, who have experienced one of the worst winters in history, will welcome the change from the snow shovel to the lawn mower.

On January 20th, in Youngstown, I had the privilege of installing the new officers of the Mahoning Valley Basha. The meeting was held at the Howard Johnson Restaurant and was very well attended. The "grapefruit twist" and entertainment by the "Four Sheets" certainly added to the hilarity of the evening, which was topped off with a buffet supper. This is a comparatively new group and the majority of them have never attended a National Reunion, but I am sure, from the enthusiasm shown at that meeting, that they will have quite a delegation in attendance at Buffalo in August.

I was very sorry that I wasn't able to go to St. Louis on January 27th for the installation of their officers. It was just one of those times when the boss had other plans and since he has been pretty lenient about giving me time off, I didn't feel I should press my luck too far. However, if it is at all possible, I hope to get down there for one of their meetings before my term as National Commander is over.

On February 5th we made a flying trip to Milwaukee to attend the meeting which was held at Pabst brewery. Needless to say, there was plenty of the amber liquid consumed. I won't say that we "drank

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—Eds.

them dry" but we sure tried. Entertainment was by Ken Schwittau with his squeeze box, and the highlight of the evening was the appearance of Pat O'Brien and his wife Eloise.

At the November Board meeting in Milwaukee, I was asked to write a letter to Joe E. Brown, expressing our sympathy for the loss of his home in the October fire, and suggesting that perhaps some of our members might be able to duplicate some of his lost photographs from the CBI theater. I have received a letter from him in which he says, "It is interesting to note that I feel closer to the CBI gang than any other outfit in uniform during World War II. I had a wonderful book of pictures and a few other mementos from there that went up in smoke. I appreciate your suggestion that some members of CBIVA might have duplicates that they would share with me." Now I am sure that many of you have pictures that you could spare and I know that they would be more than appreciated. I sincerely hope that you will take an hour or so of your time to look over your pictures, decide which ones you can spare and send them to Ex-CBI Roundup, to be forwarded to Mr. Brown. Let's really get behind this thing and show a little of our appreciation of his efforts in the CBI theater.

The response to the Youth Group is still rather sketchy. The National Reunion is only five months away and if this group is to have even a small measure of success at Buffalo, it is necessary that they have a basis to work with and start planning. At the risk of repeating myself, I urge all parents to send name, age and birth date of all eligible children, there has been no age limit set, and any suggestions for a name for the group or its activities, to Diane Doucette, 6232 Washington Circle, Wauwatosa 13, Wisconsin. Send this information whether you are planning to attend the reunion at Buffalo or not, so that a file may be set up for use at future reunions.

The dates for you to keep in mind are: April 28th—the Spring meeting of the Iowa Basha at Amana, May 5th—the Spring Board meeting in Buffa'l, May 19th—the Wisconsin State Convention at Jefferson, and of course, the National Reunion in Buffalo August 8-11. Has your Basha sent in its request for a hospitality room to the reunion chairman, Al Taylor, yet? If not, better get going on it.

Salaams,
GEORGE L. MARQUARDT
National Commander
CBIVA

(Note—Mail to National Commander Marquardt should be addressed to 123 South 7th Street, Chesterton, Ind.)



CONTROL TOWER and operations at Yunnan-Yi, China. This was a fighter base for the 14th Air Force, also first airport in China for ATC planes flying the Hump from India. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

Longtime Reader

• Have read and enjoyed Roundup for many years and look forward to every issue.

CARL R. DeCESARE,
Edgewood, Md.

Letters Wanted

• Would appreciate a card or letter from the following: Major Dushkin, Carts Anton-ellis, "Oakie" Johnson, T.V. Gurney, Captain Fair, Lt. Breger, Sgts. Emmett "Stinky" Davis, Michael "Puss" Opus, Chester Deaton, Max Gerber, Fortune, John P. Bryant, Cpl. Tex Gigout and the corporal known as Al.

JOHN C. TAPEREK,
3777 Old Indian Trail,
Orchard Lake, Mich.

Water Buffalo

• With reference to picture at top of page 4 of the January issue—"Plowing rice paddy near Tinsukia, India," photo furnished by Raymond J. O'Brien—I wish to inform our readers that these oxen are not water buffaloes. The water buffalo is a much larger animal and black in color, with horns growing towards the side of their head. I noticed that Raymond J. O'Brien has had another picture on page 23, February issue, showing water buffaloes at Tinsukia. These are really water buffaloes and not the ones shown on page 4 of the January issue.

ALBERT J. NADEAU,
Berlin, N. H.

*We slipped in writing
the cutline at top of page
4 of the January issue!
Thanks to CBIer Nadeau
for calling this to our
attention.—Eds.*

Photo Identification

• Time weighs on memory but not sufficiently heavy to prevent identification of at least three noble knaves pictured on January 1962's cover page. From left to right: Winfield S. Foster, Jr., from Whitefield, Maine; Harry Kalafian, Philadelphia; next one unknown; Salvatore J. Fortuna, Middletown, Connecticut; all members of the 25th Field Hospital. The M.P. on the right undoubtedly was dispatched to recover the merchandise but fell victim of enchantment from the 78 r.p.m. melodies. The 25th Field Hospital, in support of Chinese troops, trucked, walked, camped, ding and bu how'd from Margarita to Lashio under command of Col. Frank R. Hanlon of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. From late in 1943 until the end of the Nip, more than 13,000 casualties were handled by a complement of 200 men. I transferred from the 25th Field Hospital to the 234th General Hospital in Chabua in April, 1945; but my fondest memories are in association with the 25th. Needless to say, these memories are rekindled with each wonderful issue that comes off the press.

VIRN A. McELWAIN,
Rolling Meadows, Ill.



TAKING IT EASY aboard the S.S. Marine Jumper en route home from CBI in April 1944. Photo by R. C. Konen.

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117	5" Aftaba	3.00	1.60
120	Bottleopener w/Bell	1.50	.75
121	3½" Powder or Mint Box	3.50	1.85
121	2½" Powder Box	2.00	1.20
122	6" Pointed Shoe Ash Tray	2.50	1.35
122	5" Pointed Shoe Ash Tray	2.00	1.15
122	3" Shoe Ash Tray	.70	.40
124	Cigarette Urn w/Ash Tray	3.00	1.75
126	6" Flower Bowl w/Net	4.25	2.50
126	5" Flower Bowl w/Net	3.25	1.80
126	3" Flower Bowl w/Net	2.00	1.25
127	6" Door Knocker w/Bell	3.00	1.80
127	5" Door Knocker w/Bell	2.00	1.25
127	3" Door Knocker	1.00	.65
130	3" Coaster	.50	.30
132	6" Dinner Gong w/Mallet	2.50	1.35
134	16" Round Tray	13.00	7.25
136	8" Cobra Candlestick Pr.	12.00	6.00
137	Candlesnuffer	1.00	.65
166	6" School Bell	2.00	1.25
167	3" Elephant Bell	2.00	1.25
167	5" Elephant Bell	6.00	3.75
169	5" Scalloped Candy Dish	3.00	1.75
173	Bell Incense Burner	1.50	.90
174	Spiral Patio Bell	2.50	1.35
175	10" Decanter-Vase	7.00	4.00
176	6½" Sunburst Ash Tray	3.00	1.75
177	Sextagonal Ash Tray	1.00	.60
178	5" Round Ash Tray	2.00	1.20
180	3½" Oval Ash Tray	1.25	.50
181	3½" Wine Cup	1.70	.90
183	Ice Hammer-Bottleopener	2.00	1.25
187	3" Candlestick w/Handle Pr.	4.00	2.00
195	String of 6 Different Bells	4.00	2.25
196	Leaf-Shape Ash Tray	2.00	1.00
198	Sabre Letteropener	1.00	.65
199	Large Taj Mahal Trivet	3.50	2.00
201	Bell Letteropener	2.00	1.15
202	6" Umbrella Dish	6.00	3.00
203	4" Foot Ash Tray	2.00	1.00
205	10" Eagle Dinner Gong	7.00	3.50
207	Elephant Wall Hook Pr.	2.00	1.25
208	12" Decanter-Pitcher-Vase	8.00	4.00
214	12" Oval Fruit Bowl w/Legs	7.00	3.75
217	5" Bowl Ash Tray	2.00	1.00
218	5½" Heavy Oval Ash Tray	3.00	1.50
222	8" Heavy Double Dish	5.00	2.50
223	Nut Cracker	2.00	1.15
233	6" Hindu Vase Pr.	10.00	4.50
241	6" Wood-Lined Cig. Box	10.00	5.00

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